Numb. 2.

# Heraclitus Ridens.

## In a DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST*, Concerning the *TIMES*.

*An Affront given to the Government, by the* Whigs *Shouting down Mr.* De Foe *from the Pillory. His* Hymn, *that was Publiſh'd on that Occaſion, Examin'd Admiral* Dilks *his Victory over the* French *Men of War, and Merchant Ships Conſider'd. Remarks on a News Paper concerning the Elector of* Bavaria. *The Fable of the Boar and the Countryman.*

From Tuesday, Auguſt the 3d, to Saturday the 7th. 1703.

*Jeſt.* WELL——Friend of mine---You are as good as your Word; but why ſo Penſive? That Melancholy Phyz of yours ſpeaks ſomething extraordinary, and I am with Child to know for what reaſon you wear it.

*Earneſt.* I wiſh I could gratifie your Longing with better News. But Matters are not carry'd as we thought, the *Whigs* are very Numerous as well as Inſolent, and I much fear the Conſequence.

*Jeſt.* Is that all? Take heart of Oak Man---You have no occaſion for Sorrow on that Account. Have not we a Church of *England* Queen, a Church of *England* Miniſtry, and a Church of *England* Parliament to Protect us? Let 'em be as Numerous as they will, they're like an Army of *Tartars* without *Diſcipline*, whoſe Numbers are an Encumbrance to themſelves, and are often the occaſion of their being Routed. A handful of Regular Troops will be too hard for 'em.

*Earneſt.* You talk as if you had taken your Leave of your Underſtanding. I ſay ſome Method muſt be taken, or we are again where we were not long ſince. The Queen is our Friend, the Council are our Friends, and ſo is the Parliament. But the City there, hangs a Tail, that will ſpoil your Merriment, take my Word for it.

*Jeſt.* What of them? They are a Parcell of Harmleſs Fellows in my Opinion, whoſe Policy conſiſts in Trade, and who are about their Buſineſs, when you ſee 'em behind their Compters.

*Earneſt.* I am ſorry for your Miſtake—— Then you have heard nothing of their Proceedings laſt Week, in their Prophet *Daniel*'s Caſe?

*Jeſt.* Not a Syllable, I profeſs, more than that he gave Satisfaction to the Juſtice of the Nation, and had the Sentence put in Execution upon him.

*Earneſt.* Then I'll add to your Information: He was deſervedly plac'd where he Stood, for being a Publick Incendiary. But his Friends, the Worthy Citizens of *London*, thought him otherwiſe, and Hallow'd him down from his Wooden Puniſhment, as if he had been a *Cicero* that had made an Excellent Oration in it, rather than a *Cataline* that was Expos'd and Declaim'd againſt There.

*Jeſt.* Poor Fellows! I pity their Ignorance---Friends of his do you call 'em? They know not how to be ſo to themſelves. *Nulla eſt Amicitia inter Malos*, is a receiv'd Maxim; and it's of little Import how they behav'd themſelves, ſince they are but an indifferent ſort of People, that gather together about Pillory's. It's with this Nation as it is with Liquors. In all Fermentations the Scum Boil's uppermoſt, which is generally flung aſide as uſeleſs, and of no manner of value.

*Earneſt.* But they make no indifferent Figure that ſent them thither. The Engines that move Great Bodies are unſeen; but we are not to judge from thence that thoſe Bodies move themſelves. The Effect tells us there muſt be a Cauſe, and I am a ſtranger to right Obſervations, if Mr. *De Foe* is not acquainted with ſome Knights that look as big as Aldermen.

*Jeſt.* With all my Heart, I do not envy him their Acquaintance. They muſt get other than Sham Bail for him, or he'll ſcarce pay them a Viſit for ſome time. I took him always for a SenſibleMan. One who had penetrating Parts, and could foreſee Events of dangerous Conſequence to himſelf. But he has ſhewn himſelf otherwiſe, he has loſt my good Opinion for ever.

*Earneſt.* Nay, now you are much to blame---The World holds him for a Man of Senſe—And he muſt fall under that Character with you, or you do him the higheſt Injuſtice.

*Jeſt.* Let that Pamphlet there be witneſs if I do; Read it, and you'll alter your Sentiments. It's *A Hymn to the Pillory.* Merry Metre on a Diſconſolate Subject. A Madrigal on his own Misfortunes——

*Earneſt.* You ſtagger me—Truly I wiſh all his Party were ſo forward to ſhew themſelves, we ſhould have leſs to fear from 'em.

*Jeſt.* Obſerve how he Cries *Hail*, and bends the *Knee* to it, who ſhould again bend his Neck in it, how he magnifies his own Honeſty, at the ſame time as he Decries that of others, and Affronts the Government he was writing Petitions to not long before.

*Earneſt.* I perceive he does, and has choſe good Company to ſtand with himſelf. He has no ſmall Aſſurance, I'll promiſe you. But I have had wrong Intimations, if he is one of that Reſolution as he makes his Boaſts, for he has as little Fancy for Martyrdom, as he has to call the Lamented Death of K. *Charles* the Firſt ſo, and

and I have been told he offer'd to turn the Current of his Pen another way, might he have been excus'd ſome little Ceremonies the Law had oblig'd him to undergo firſt.

*Jeſt.* I have heard as much, but tho' that Excellent Prince is no Martyr in his Catalogue, he has others that are reputed as ſuch with him. Read thoſe Lines there;

How, Baſtwick, Pryn, Hunt, Hollingsby *and*
*Men of unſpotted Honeſty,* [Pye,
*Men that had Learning, Wit and Senſe,*
*And more than moſt Men have had ſince,*
*Could equal Title to Thee Claim,*
*With* Oats *and* Fuller, *Men of later Fame.*

*Earneſt.* Inſupportable Impudence! How came *Johny Lilbourn* out of his Liſt? — He might have made as good a Red-Letter'd Man as the beſt of 'em. I have an Encomiaſtick here upon Mr. *Pryn*, in my Pocket, which may ſerve as a Character for the reſt, it was deſign'd for an Epitaph, and goes under that Name.

*Here lies the Corps of* William Pryn,
*Bencher he was of* Lincolns-Inn,
*Who waded ſtill through thick and thin,*
*Was never out, nor ever in.*

*A vain and uſeleſs Goſpel ſpiller,*
*A ſtrange and graceleſs Margent filler,*
*To Prieſt and Biſhop no good willer,*
*To King and State a Caterpiller.*

*In hopes of Life, himſelf he hugs,*
*But while he for more Tether tugs,*
*Death Crops the Remnant of his Lugs.*

*Jeſt.* Prettily written, upon my Word—— But I have a Story in my Budget that will make you light Hearted in ſpight of your Teeth. Admiral *Dilks* has taken and ſunk 41 Sale of Merchants Ships, and three *Frenchmen* of War.

*Earneſt.* That is News will warm a Man indeed;. This is a Contradiction to Mr. *de Foe*'s two Verſes,

*When Fleets go out with Money and with Men,*
*Juſt time enough to venture home again.*

One, Ha, ha, as the Horſe Doctor has it, about the Stone Horſe and the Cock Sparrow, is worth a Hundred *Tit, Tity, Tits.*

The *French* are not ſo bad Pay Maſters as I took 'em to be, and honourably Diſcharg'd themſelves by paying for the *Ludlow* and *Salisbury*; not that I would have our Captains of the Fleet truſt 'em any more with Her Majeſty's Ships, but am ſatisfied they know how to reſtore Ships again when they are forc'd to it, as well as they can Countries.

*Jeſt.* Nothing is ſo certain. This Admiral of ours deſerves a Command, and makes a Campaign at Sea ſuitable to the Honour and Intereſt of his Country. May he never be *Lame*, ſay I, as others have been before him, but be Maſter of a Conſtitution that will enable him to Scour the Seas for us.

One of our News Papers is very Witty upon the Affairs of the Confederacy at Land, and tells us the *Tyrolois* have Seis'd upon the Elector of *Bavaria*'s Coining Inſtruments, and have Evidence to Convict him (when he ſhall fall into their Hands) for being a Coyner. What's your Opinion of that merry Paragraph?

*Earneſt.* I think the Gentleman might have ſpared his Jeſt till he had been totally driven out of his new Conqueſts, which I ſhould be very glad to hear; His Practices are ſufficient to Convict him of a Crime of a higher Nature without his Tools, and he that is in Actual Rebellion againſt the Emperor, is a Foe to his Country, inſtead of being a Father to it, has no need of any other accumulated Treaſon to be laid to his Charge. But I'll tell you a Story.

### *The Fable of the Boar and the Countryman.*

There was a Countryman that could not be at reſt for a wild Boar, that Ravag'd his Eſtate, and did him the Devil and all of Miſchief. *I ſhall be even with you one day or other*, ſaid the Fellow, and fell to conſulting with his Noddle what Puniſhment to find out for him. In the mean time the Boar made him Viſit after Viſit, broke down his Hedges, deſtroy'd all his Cattle, and left nothing whole almoſt that belong'd to his Farm. When he recollected himſelf from his brown Study, and fell to make the neceſſary Diſpoſitions to keep the Enemy out of his Territories, or entrap him in them, *I ſhould have done this before*, ſaid he, *and Affairs would never lay at Sixes and Sevens as they do. Catch a Thief firſt, before you think of putting him to Death, that's the way to be ſecure, take a Fool's Word for it.*

I leave you to make the Application, and bid you *Farewel till our next merry Meeting.*

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